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*Monthly*, the Radical Club, and the Handel and Haydn Society, are each of them examples of high art, but the fact is not generally known outside of the city. Modest worth, you understand, is a delightful case of *ars est celare artem*. It is a good announcement to end my letter with, but somebody has carelessly broken a high art-icle here.

#### HOPE'S FOREST INTERIORS.

The *Season* gives an extended and flattering notice of Hope's "Basin," from which we make extract :

The scene depicted by the artist is one which, from the earliest ages, has ever appealed strongly to the poetic imagination, and has, indeed, furnished the most beautiful of human decorations—the fountain. On the slope of a hill, thickly planted with tall trees, which grow here larger and higher than in the forests on the plain, because they have each plenty of air, rises a little spring which trickles down the side. It murmurs pleasantly as it goes, and the hill-flowers blossom on its banks. On its course it comes to a spot where the earth is bare, and the soft limestone rock peeps out. Over this it glides noiselessly, year by year wearing itself a deeper bed, until it works out a capacious basin, from the mouth of which its silver thread of water trickles reluctantly, muttering complacently as it finds its way to the plain.

The school of which this artist is the highest exponent finds ample material in such a scene for the development of its peculiar ideas. Hope positively revels in the portrayal of the lines which the water has made in the limestone. All the fantastic bends and twists and hollows and sinuosities are given with intense fidelity, and with the vim of a hand that delights in its work. The whole foreground of the picture is taken up by this basin, over which the dark trees form a canopy, and the upper part of the hill forms a background, lighted up by a break in the forest, through which the sunbeams stream right pleasantly. And out of pure sportiveness and exquisite delight in his subject, Hope has so arranged the compositors as to place the perfectly straight trunk of a tall tree at the very top of his picture, and in the exact centre as if in absolute defiance of recognized rules of composition.

#### OUR SCULPTORS IN ROME.

Laura Curtis Bullard has been writing to the *Golden Age*, from Rome. We give what she says of two or three of the sculptors :

Mr. Reinhardt is another of our most clever American sculptors. His marbles are full of beauty, full of sentiment. His Clytie, a graceful, standing figure, holding a sunflower, is one of the loveliest of modern statues; and a small figure of Hero, leaning out to watch for her lover's coming, with a lamp in her hand to serve as his light, is a most exquisite creation. Leander, a fine, manly figure, is a lover well worth a Hero's vigil. The work upon which Mr. R. is at present engaged is a colossal statue of Chief Justice Taney, which has been ordered by the State of Maryland to adorn her capital. It is a majestic figure, and it is refreshing to know, that one portrait-statue in America will not be a caricature of the luckless statesman or hero, whose face and figure it purports to make familiar to future generations. Chief Justice Taney was never one of my heroes, but if I did not admire the man, I do admire the statue by which his State has immortalized him.

Rogers is another sculptor who has been very successful in his heroic statues. He has modelled several fine monuments for the several States which have showed the good taste to desire to commemorate their noble sons who fell in the late dreadful war. The crowning figure of that made for Michigan is a grand, youthful, and spirited woman, the personification of America. She holds, in one outstretched hand, her shield, while she leans upon her sword. It is a vital, heroic figure, whose spirit and force would thrill even the most prosaic of mortals who looked upon

it. Near it sits Lincoln, a statue of heroic size, for the Pennsylvania State monument, to be placed in Philadelphia. It is a life-like portrait, and therefore far from handsome. A good Western woman who visited the studio soon after it was finished, stood before it and apostrophized it thus: "Jes like him—jes like him. I've seen him setting so a hundred times, setting down jes so lanky, with his stomach all hollered in. It's as natural as life,"—and so it is. The simple-hearted, great-natured, homely old saviour of his country! History will pronounce him grand, if she cannot call him beautiful. Rogers is now modelling an ideal figure of Somnambula.

Edmonia Lewis, our African sculptress, has just finished a life-sized Madonna and Child, as an altar-piece for the young Marquis of Bute. The bust of Longfellow, ordered by Harvard College, is nearly ready to go into marble. It is a fine characteristic head—which I preferred to Powers' bust of the same favorite American poet.

The women sculptors need not altogether hide their diminished leads in the presence of their brethren, nor is modern art, whether interpreted by man or woman, so despicable a thing as some of those would have us believe who are always looking backward, and who can find no beauty in anything unless it is seen through the shadowy haze of the past.

#### A NEW USE FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

Under this head the *Golden Age* has its say, and a semi-sensible, semi-impracticable one, upon a topic that has excited more comment, probably, and called out more advice—good and bad, than any one thing in the realm of American art:

Now that William Page has been elected to the presidency of the National Academy of Design—a fact which, beyond the personal tribute it thus conveys to an eminent American artist, implies also a wholesome change in the administration of the Academy—we desire to urge upon the new president, and upon Mr. Quincy Ward, the vice-president, the propriety of keeping open perpetually, the academic building on the corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. We are not now speaking of a permanent art gallery in which the pictorial treasures of years may be collected and exhibited—though so great a city as New York should be put to the blush for not possessing one. We are referring only to a just and legitimate extension of the existing function of the Academy—which is to exhibit the current works of its own members.

In our judgment, whenever an academician has a new picture to exhibit to his friends, to the press, or to the community, he should have the privilege of carrying it to this building, hanging it to suit himself, taking ample wall-space to drape it if he chooses, and thus presenting it as a specialty to all who may be interested in it. Pictures are thus exhibited at Goupil's and Schaus', and at the Century and other clubs, and why not in the Academy itself?

Furthermore, we would be glad to see the Academy kept open on Sundays—in order to furnish an æsthetic and refining place of resort to multitudes who might be too busy to frequent it on other days of the week.

Every new picture which is painted ought to be put by the artist in a place where everybody can see it, and where (as a consequence) somebody might be tempted to buy it.

We hope that under the new administration the Academy will make a more aggressive appeal than heretofore to public attention. Let its doors never be shut, and let its walls always contain something—if only one picture at a time—which will reward the passer-by for entering in. As a book-store all the year round, gives the latest products of literature, so should our National Art Academy exhibit in the same way the current works of our artists. Shall we hear from Mr. Page, Mr. Ward, and the new council, concerning this (or some other) practical plan for promoting the popular interest in American art?

#### THE NEW LITERARY LIGHT.

The London correspondent of the Boston *Evening Post* sketches Joaquin Miller, the new wonder in the world of letters, but recently arrived in the English metropolis from the wilds of California:

Joaquin Miller, the suddenly risen California poet, who, "unknown and alone," grimly hugging his manuscripts made ready for the press, crossed the continent, posted through New York city, set his back against Boston, and sailed for England; where, in London, at his own expense and without the aid of a publisher, he brought out an edition of five hundred copies of a collection of original poems, which at once created a sensation in the great metropolis, and won long columns of praise from the leading London critics—this but a day ago unknown Joaquin Miller is just now talked about and talked about here with as much curiosity and interest as was Bret Harte a while ago, and the recent number of the *Evening Post* containing extracts from the London reviews, and the reviews themselves which immediately followed, have been sought and eagerly read by the critics of the town, and efforts have been made to ascertain who and what the new poet is. Letters from London, received to-day, have a good deal to say about him. In some incomprehensible way, they state, Miller got at once after his arrival into the very midst of the Rosetti and Swinburne cliques of London, and thenceforth became a lion among the *litterateurs*. He is said to be an unadulterated American of the West, a rough, "unvarnished" Californian, an original Forty-niner, and a genius. He has lived a good part of his days in Mexico and California, and has roughed it at the mines, and led a life as unlike that of a poet's as one can imagine. His admirers in London call him the Byron of America, and one of them, Rosetti, I believe, has presented him with a copy of a volume of Walt Whitman's poems, inscribed something after this fashion:—"This volume of the works the best American poet is presented to the second-best American poet." It is said that Froude, the historian, is preparing a careful and eulogistic review of the new poet's poems for *Fraser's*, Swinburne for the *Fortnightly Review*, and Rosetti for some other periodical, and Jean Ingelow and William Morris are talking to everybody enthusiastically about them. He has chosen, it seems, the Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of this city, as his American publishers, having, in the meantime, with a clear eye to the main chance, procured for himself the American copyright. American editions may, therefore, soon be looked for, and then comparisons may be made with the poems of Bret Harte, John Hay, and the Michigan Carleton.

#### HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

##### INTERIOR DECORATION OF HOUSES.

The art of painting was first introduced in interiors. It was not until comparatively a late period that paintings of great dimensions were made portable. Originally buildings of public worship and buildings of state were decorated. In the buildings of worship the object has ever been to embody the ideal of the creed, and to immortalize its champions and martyrs. In the buildings of state, to immortalize the virtue of the true patriot and loyal citizen, thus to keep before the eye of the community or nation, the great deeds and sacrifices these high minded members of society made in fostering the common interests, to appeal to all enjoying the existing advantages to follow their example should necessity call upon them; on the other hand, also, illustrations of the doom of those who violated with impunity the laws of society, established for the perpetuation of its prosperity.

The nobility also employed this art to transmit to posterity their family record.

The habitations thus adorned, have been the most direct instruments to instill into the minds of their occupants, from infancy, a love for the true and the beautiful. Instead of white walls glaring at the inmates and investing the habitation with an air of nakedness and vacancy, or rooms papered over with ever the same repeating figures, (be the design of the wall-paper never so artistic in its execution, it dulls the imagination, and through its monotony become tiresome), they are surrounded with illustrations of the highest moral actions of man, which would animate their minds as though they had direct intercourse with the living. The impressions received by the delicate minds of the children whom fortune had blessed with such surroundings, would instill into them a longing to realize such events during the course of life. Such impressions, received in infancy, are seldom or never fully erased from memory.

If we feel that a judicious and highly artistic decoration must be beneficial in directing the minds of children into a higher sphere of moral and mental existence, how much more must we be subject to its influence, being thus surrounded in our intercourse with our friends, especially during the seasons we remain in doors.

The choice of subjects for the various apartments which constitute a residence should also not be considered immaterial. The nursery, in which the child receives its first impressions, should be decorated, with representations which are within compass of its full appreciation; the sleeping apartments should be decorated suggestive of their purpose and be made especially attractive, since in the event of sickness the occupant has few other sources of enjoyment. The sitting room, in which the members of the family assemble, may be adorned with choice incidents from family history; the library with illustrations selected either direct from history or from writings of the most favorite poets; the dining room appropriately; the drawing rooms with poetical allegory, or illustrations of the most genial social intercourse among the inhabitants of different nations, in fact there is no limit to the programme which can be devised for making home truly attractive in leisure moments, to derive the best food for the imagination, which could appeal to our practical judgment as well as to our higher faculties.

It may be well to state that this higher style of decoration has not been very largely introduced in America, owing to the deficiency in men capable of undertaking such a task. It is well known that the greatest artists on record, have, with much partiality, directed their attention to this branch of art, including Raphael in the Vatican, Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, Rubens in the Palais de Medicis, and others.

CONRAD DIEHL.

## ART AT HOME

MUST we bound our ideas of an artist by a dictionary definition, or limit our conceptions of art by the general acceptance of that term? The word artist has now so very wide an application, that, apparently, it cannot be used amiss. Instead of confining it to the comparatively small class who once monopolized it, it is in frequent use in

speaking of branches of industry that were formerly denominated trades. Now, from the individual who makes your hats or clothes, to the hair-dresser who so obsequiously serves you, the name of "artist" is applied, and each calling is an art. The amiable Festus pronounces love "the art of hearts," and a recent writer says of his heroine that "she possessed the art of frowning interrogatively when she smiled."

Since this word, or its meaning, is to be so extensively used, we—not to be *outré*—shall each constitute ourselves artists in a small way, and our art shall be to beautify our homes. On the whole it is much better that we no longer leave this word to these people who spend long days in the vain endeavor to reproduce the glorious pictures daily afforded us by our generous, exhaustless Mother Nature, or those others wearing away longer years in the patient, careful search after the hidden beauties of the marble block.

We will use the word carefully, truthfully. We will agree that this man is an artist if he "know no touch of brush" when his conceptions of the fitting and the beautiful are shown in everything that comes from his hands, or which he selects to adorn his home; that this woman, whose dainty touch, and few simple alterations in the interior of a house, bring grace and ease out of stiff, angular outlines, is an artist whose studio, and the result of whose toil, will commend themselves to every appreciative eye. From this so-called artist, whose dress causes you involuntarily to close your eyes, as you wonder vaguely if she knows that scarlet, crimson and pink do not form—to say the least—a pleasing combination—turn to this unassuming little person, whose simplest toilette is a poem, and judge, as you rest your eyes, who best deserves the name.

We will return now from our tour of observation to your home, which we have not yet visited. Glancing, for a moment, in at the parlor door, we see that the piano cover is properly adjusted, that the books and music are well arranged, the flowers fresh and fragrant, mirrors and tables, and complacent looking pictures free from spot or dust, and we leave the cool, darkened rooms for hours when we have less to do than just at present. Leading the way up stairs, you surprise us with room after room, whose pretty,—more—handsome carpets and furniture, make each one a pleasant sitting-room. With added pleasure we notice the pictures—fine engravings, pretty etchings and chromos, and delicate water colors; brackets, too, here and there, and the various toilette paraphernalia which give such an air of convenience at so little expense, that their absence would imply—if nothing more—lack of taste. Do you realize, in the enjoyment of your pleasant home, that in many homes, in which the parlors are far more elegantly furnished than in yours; that there is scarcely another room which deserves even the name of comfortable? Not one pretty picture, no brackets or vases, no sofas or chairs can be spared from those showy, over-crowded parlors, to render more attractive those rooms in which different members of the family spend so large portion of their time. Nothing which would suffice for show, must be hidden in unseen rooms, is the creed of these comfortless people. You quite agree that this is all wrong, and are, therefore, spared the advice to

be given had you held different views. You are a true artist in your way, and successful in your art.

ELLA EVANS.

## SOUL-SEARCHINGS.

To my Sisters in the Wife and Mother-hood:

YOU and I have just finished our usual spring house-cleaning. I take it, and the thought comes to me: Have we swept and dusted our soul-chamber, and what have we found that should be carefully cleaned and put back? Are not the memories that we treasure away there far more precious than the friends that occupy our guest chamber; and should we not be more careful in preparing for them? Oh! how free from dust and cobwebs we should keep this best room, and how often we should take our sewing and sit there for a quiet hour.

Let me tell you of some of the treasures I found in my chamber, and see if they do not find a deep response and speak to answering ones in yours. A beautiful picture hangs on the wall, representing a particular anniversary of my wedding day. A happy day, spent with loving friends. But that is not the *sweetest* part of the picture. How well I remember, after the house was quiet, and all had gone but the dearest one that earth held, how he took me lovingly in his strong arms, and blessed God for the gift and the deep love that came with it. Ah! my dear sisters, I know that you too have these blessed pictures, and are they not worth the most careful hanging on memory's wall? For if kept, we can have them to cheer us when we are weary, and by their loving influence help to make us better and wiser.

Time would fail me to tell of *all* the beautiful things in this room, clustered on the brackets, and heaped upon the shelves, but of another I must speak. Peeping at me from under a glass case is a little faded flower:

"I may not to the world impart  
The secret of its power,  
But, treasured deep within my heart,  
I keep my faded flower."

the hidden memories are not all *joyous* ones. How many sad ones we have kept, of impatient words spoken to the dear little ones God has given us, and how often we look at them because we *know* they will help us to be better mothers, and with hot scalding tears, wrung from our very hearts, we put them quietly back, praying the Master for strength and patience in every time of need. He alone knoweth *all* we have to bear. And there again, in a little niche, stands the ghost of a harsh word spoken, in an unguarded moment, to the one I love best of all, peering at me; and I find it does me good to look it boldly in the face, and then from my bended knees let my prayers rise up and wrap it about as with a veil.

My dear sisters, will you not confess to these same ghosts, and to the memory of many shortcomings? And yet, let us take heart, for the patient love of Jesus looks not so much at what we *do* as what we *strive* to do. And may we always hide and carefully cherish the memories that arouse us to better and nobler lives, and so for this let us devote more time to our soul-chambers.

SISTER.